

# THE GATEWAY

Summer Edition 2004 Number 1

Thursday, 12 July, 2004

http://gateway.su.ualberta.ca/



## Today

7 University's got a new stadium. It's big and it's loaded. Check out what \$10.3 million gets you these days.

8 Do you like your art dirty? Citadel hosts a caserole of national kink. Impure 2: The Second Coming, uh, comes again.

11 Alright, alright. Down boy/girl. Just inside the back cover like they always are. Comics are neat.

## Quote for the day

Did you know that so-called "volunteers" don't get paid?

— Homer Simpson

## This day in the Gateway's history

Staff firings begin at major Ontario universities as part of the Davis government cutbacks. Large numbers of staff that were guaranteed assistance in finding "alternative employment" were surprisingly let down by government officials that spawned descendants and moved to Alberta.

1975

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Please recycle this newspaper

# Goodbye students; hello athletes

Jhenifer Pabillano  
News Editor

In order to make room for nearly 1400 athletes participating in the Eighth IAAF World Championships in Athletics, Housing and Food Services (HFS) has moved all tenants from both Lister Hall and Garneau walk-ups to alternate U of A housing.

While Lister will house international athletes, the Canadian team and their trainers will be taking over the Garneau walk-ups for the duration of the World's, 3-12 August.

"[The move] was part of the original agreement with the local organizing committee," said Dima Utgoff, Assistant Director of HFS. "Lister Hall is our largest furnished residence, so it made sense."

All the rooms in Lister have been rented out to arriving athletes, but the Lister experience will be significantly different than what typical residents are used to. The perimeter of the building will be fenced off starting 9 July, and during the World's, special accreditation will be required to enter the building. Specialty services will also be moved to the Lister site, including drycleaning, photo development, and video rentals. These services will be provided by volunteers and staff of the event.

Planning for the World's began in late 1999 by the Student Relocation Planning Committee, an advisory board made up of HFS staff and student representatives to cover any issues that could come up.

As Lister residents are provided with furnished residences, HFS planned to move these students



Anna Carastathis / THE GATEWAY

Many less than expected, only 31 students needed to be relocated from their winter dwellings in Lister Hall.

to alternate furnished housing in Pembina Hall or Faculté Saint-Jean. Additionally, Garneau residents would be moved to HUB, as both were unfurnished residences.

The relocated residents would be charged the same rent they would have paid living in Lister or Garneau. Moving costs were also covered by HFS, as long as students chose to move to alternate University housing. Free bus passes were offered by HFS as compensation for travel costs and a care package was also provided for each student.

But HFS analysis of statistics from previous years revealed that very few students would actually be affected by the move. "Originally

we thought we would have about 150 students in Lister and 200 in Garneau," said Utgoff. "However, much fewer people than we expected would be moved."

At Lister, only 31 students were moved by HFS to alternate residences. These students had planned to stay from May to August, and were moved at the beginning of May in order to reduce the inconveniences of multiple moves. A few students remain in Lister and will be moved by the start of the World's. At Garneau, only the 35 summer residents of the walk-ups were moved by HFS. The residents of Garneau houses remained unaffected by the World's.

Second-year Arts student Sam

Kelch, a resident of Lister, is among the few students still to be moved from the residence. But unlike other residents, Kelch will be working in Lister during the World's.

Said Kelch, "[The move] doesn't really bother me. I knew I was going to move. It'll be a bit of an inconvenience, because I'll be half an hour away from work [living at the Faculté Saint-Jean]. But I'll get to see and meet other people from other cultures. I'm really glad for the experience."

Rex Coffin, HFS manager of Conference Services, said that he thinks the committee's work was successful: "Overall, the transition went smoothly and no major concerns were reported."

# Coke, UBC Administration's legal efforts against students go flat

Three-year court battle ends in victory for student newspapers in British Columbia

Sam Heron  
Jessica Johnson  
THE PEAK

BURNABY, BC (CUP) — After five years of legal wrangling, two BC-based student newspapers have declared victory in their battle to have exclusivity contracts between post-secondary institutions and soft-drink companies made public.

In a precedent-setting decision, the BC Office of the Information and Privacy Commissioner has ruled that the University of British Columbia and Coca-Cola are obligated to disclose details of a confidential exclusivity agreement signed in 1995.

The agreement names Coca-Cola as the University's exclusive soft drink supplier and specifies UBC will receive \$8.5 million from Coke over 10 years for barring competitors from selling soft drinks on campus.

According to Charmaine Lowe, a spokesperson for the BC Office of the Information and Privacy Commissioner, the ruling came down to the fact that neither Coke nor the University could prove that economic harm would be done if the agreement was to be made public.

"Sure companies would prefer to keep it confidential, but would they stop entering into contracts if they couldn't be confidential? [The privacy commissioner] didn't find any evidence that that was the case," said Lowe.

Since the agreement was signed, UBC's student-run paper, the *Ubysses*, has been involved in an ongoing battle with UBC, Coca-Cola, and the UBC's student union, the Alma Mater Society, over the agreement.

A second student newspaper, the *Capilano Courier*, joined the *Ubysses*' battle in 1999.

As a result of the privacy commissioner's ruling, Capilano

College, along with Trinity Western University, Douglas College and Kwantlen University College, must also make details of sponsorship agreements public.

**"Coke and UBC both, I guess, figured that if they just appealed enough and just delayed long enough, and caused us to incur as many legal fees as possible, we would eventually give up."**

— Duncan McHugh,  
Coordinating Editor, the *Ubysses*

"It was a very slow process," said Duncan McHugh, Coordinating Editor of the *Ubysses*. "Coke and UBC both, I guess, figured that if they just appealed enough and just delayed long enough, and caused us to incur as many legal fees as possible, we would eventually give up, but we were able to persevere and it came through."

The dispute was initiated by a *Ubysses* reporter who was denied a freedom of information request when the agreement was first signed.

Following this rejection, the paper launched a lawsuit in an attempt to have the contents of the agreement made public.

"We wanted to see the contract, we wanted to know what the University had signed students up for. If the University was signing students' rights away and getting huge sums of money, we wanted to know where that money was going to go," said McHugh.

Coke and the institutions, who presented their cases together, argued that disclosing the details of the agreements would jeopardize their economic interests.

According to Lowe, UBC's position was that companies such as Coke would be reluctant to enter into exclusivity deals if the details were to be made public, thereby depriving the University of

a source of much-needed income. From Coca-Cola's perspective, confidentiality was necessary in order to remain competitive.

UBC seems to have shifted its position since the ruling. Although the University was involved in the effort to keep the agreement confidential, Denis Pavlich, UBC's Vice-President of External and Legal Affairs has stated, "Full disclosure is in the interests of the UBC community and beyond, as it now frees the University to show how students have been enriched by proceeds from the \$8.5-million agreement."

In any case, McHugh is pleased with this decision, particularly considering the fact that the deal between UBC and Coke was the first of its kind in Canada.

"We're really happy. This is quite substantial. This is the first exclusivity deal signed on a Canadian campus and I think symbolically, for that deal to no longer be confidential is a pretty big deal."



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## Editor-in-Chief

Dave Alexander  
dave.alexander@su.ualberta.ca 492-5168

## Managing Editor

Chris Boutet  
chris.boutet@su.ualberta.ca 492-2019

## News Editors

Jennifer Pabillano  
jennifer.pabillano@su.ualberta.ca 492-7308  
Andra Olson  
andra.olson@su.ualberta.ca 492-1483

## Sports Editor

Collin Gallant  
collin.gallant@su.ualberta.ca 492-5068

## Entertainment Editor

Erika Thorkelson  
erika.thorkelson@su.ualberta.ca 492-7052

## Features Editor

Steve Lillebuen  
steve.lillebuen@su.ualberta.ca 492-5178

## Photo Editor

Marcus Bence  
marcus.bence@su.ualberta.ca 492-1482

## Production Editor

David Zeibin  
skip@su.ualberta.ca 492-3423

## Circulation Manager

James Elford  
james.elford@su.ualberta.ca 492-5178



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For advertising information, contact  
Cassandra McLean  
2-900 Students' Union Building  
University of Alberta  
Edmonton, T6G 2J7  
(780) 492-4241

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## Contributors

Adam Houston, Lindsey Whitson, Adam Rozenhart, Rotating Dog, James Elford, Chris Govias, Michael Wharmby, Martin Coles, Mark Woytiuk, Jennifer Danilowich, Anna Carastathis, Taz Dhariwal, Kelly Zenkewich, Robocop, Yang We, Steve Osadetz, Geoff Moysa, Heather Adler, Sarah Chan, Telephone Dog, Kris Meen, Jagdeep Dhadli, Brendan Proco, Tony Esteves, Fish Griwkowsky, the late Michael Jay Winters (God rest his soul), Mark McIntyre, G Lucas Bakay, and my childhood friend, Timothy Eddy.



Marcus Bence / THE GATEWAY

Cyclists from all over North America converged on campus last Saturday.

## Couriers join ecologists to raise environmental awareness

Andra Olson  
NEWS EDITOR

On 7 and 8 July, University of Alberta played host to the 2001 North American Cycle Courier Championships and Future Fair: Destination 2015, with events that brought both environmental groups and cycle enthusiasts together.

Advertised as "one car-free weekend," events of agility, ability and strength awaited hundreds of participants. Organizers proclaimed the weekend to be a defining event for "hundreds of bicycle couriers and cyclephiles from over 25 North American cities."

"We wanted a showcase of ingenuity, a place to highlight complementing pieces of the ecological puzzle," said co-organizer Barb Allard of Rainbow Bridge Communications.

In addition to a bicycle course that stretched throughout the University campus, participants were allowed to choose from a variety of other events in which they could participate. "I am exhausted, but this rocks," yelled one participant known only as "Mike." Participants in the event completed a race carrying a full-sized car tire on their back the entire length of the course.

In conjunction with the Cycling Championships, Edmonton groups concerned with the promotion of environmental issues rallied together to promote alternative energy solutions. "We have the technology to change the way we consume energy," explained Allard. "It is important to educate the public in clean consumption alternatives. Once people are educated in their options, they can begin to make choices."

Due to its involvement of various environmental lobby and awareness groups, many alternatives to non-renewable energy were presented. Ross Shulack, representative of the Edmonton chapter of the Western Canadian Wilderness Committee urged bystanders to understand the importance of Canadian boreal forests. "These forests absorb the majority of our

carbon dioxide emissions. If we continue to clearcut them or continue to emit pollutants that add to climate changes that increase fire destruction each year, our air is doomed."

Said Shulack, "Our organization is based on research and education. We do not advocate acts of civil disobedience or illegal demonstrations. We believe and we have proven that intelligent research is much more effective in lobbying our cause."

A representative of Windsong Power Inc advocated the use of wind power to alleviate North America's contemporary energy crisis. "There is enough wind in Southern Alberta to provide 25 per cent of all Alberta's needs. Wind power is an affordable and environmentally acceptable alternative to the use of non-renewable fuel for power."

Windsong's handout material anticipates that Albertans will have "electric power from the wind for 95 000 homes by July 2002." The company's research states 10.9 million tonnes of carbon dioxide emissions will be avoided "in the 25-year life of these four new wind farms."

The Edmonton Bicycle Commuters Association was represented by Molly Turnbull, who advocated the use of bicycles within Edmonton, touting it as "the best way to get around." Successfully implementing a bicycle recycling program, the EBC has also "aided City Hall in developing a thorough map outlining city bike trails."

Turnbull added that the EBC has a "fully-equipped bicycle garage and have hired a skilled bike mechanic for people to learn how to fix their bikes themselves. We help them, it's free!"

Allard was positive about the event, and in the future, planned to hold similar events next year. "It was a great weekend. Next year should be larger and give the public more information. It's an important event to keep going."

As one exhausted participant said, "It's an amazing opportunity to challenge your own endurance and the endurance of those in your profession."

## Whyte Avenue solutions sought by City Council

Andra Olson  
NEWS EDITOR

What has been labelled Edmonton's worst riot ever will not easily be forgotten. In the aftermath of the Canada Day disturbance, city residents, business owners and legislators have pledged commitments to ensure the incidents surrounding this year's Canada Day celebrations are not repeated.

"I felt threatened for sure," remarked one witness, who asked to remain anonymous. "I mean, I watched a lot of it happen, but I didn't feel like I was able to stop anything."

"Once the destruction began, it was out of control," agreed another bystander who witnessed the event and also wished to remain anonymous. Both witnesses were patrons at a local bar on Whyte Avenue on Canada Day and remarked that rowdy public behaviour had been apparent all evening. "You could tell the energy was getting out of hand. You wanted to do something, but what?"

City councillor Michael Phair agreed that late night "energy" on Whyte Avenue needed to be calmed and said that City Council is looking at its options. "There have been a lot of rumours concerning what council may do in regards to this situation, but the city has not yet initiated any major actions," commented Phair.

Phair stated that the Alberta Liquor Control Board (ALCB) regulates all age and admittance restrictions, closing hours, and serving times. "Municipalities cannot interfere with provincial legislation and the provincial government has never said they want our input. However, council certainly may be interested in 'counselling' the ALCB to reconsider its legislation concerning Whyte Avenue."

According to Phair, council is considering asking the ALCB to enforce a 1:00am closing time in drinking establishments for one to two months to observe the effects. Phair wondered if the earlier closing time would stop the trend

of overdrinking and discourage unlawful behaviour.

Phair was quick to assert his feeling that youth on Whyte Ave were not the root of the problems, saying, "I do not believe the damage caused was that entirely of the youth traditionally associated with Whyte Avenue."

Phair also said the city has taken independent action, including increasing the police presence on Whyte and deciding on acceptable traffic restrictions for the popular social area. "Police presence has increased as of this week. Increasing numbers in the past has had positive impacts in controlling incidents."

Phair disclosed possible plans of a no-traffic zone along Whyte Avenue from 105 Street to 108 Street. He believed that an increase in pedestrian traffic in high problem areas could calm the streets with a decrease in loud noise from "obnoxious cruising."

Phair also stressed that the city was not out to punish any group directly, feeling that instead, the city needs to guarantee the safety of all patrons along the busy avenue. He believed many of those involved were affected by the circumstances of the evening. Phair insisted steps must be taken in order to ensure these violators will never be allowed to falter so seriously again. Through new legislation, Phair hopes a sense of community along Whyte Avenue can be achieved. Phair feels "optimistic that it can happen."

Sue, a supervisor at Whyte Avenue's Black Dog pub who did not want her last name revealed, agreed with Phair's sentiments. "I completely agree with closing the avenue at high traffic times and special occasions." She believes the disaster could have been avoided if streets along Whyte Avenue had been closed during the late night peak of traffic. "We had so many [people] coming in from across the river. Whyte should have been closed off at 6:00pm."

City Council will be meeting on Thursday to discuss resolutions to issues surrounding Whyte Avenue.

## Degree recipients recognized

Yang Wu  
NEWS STAFF

Continuing its tradition of recognizing individuals for their community and scholarly achievements, the U of A will present two more honorary degrees to Walter Lichem and Antoine Noujaim during the fall convocation.

Honorary degrees are generally awarded during Spring convocation, when six individuals are honoured for distinguished work in their fields with three degrees, Doctors of Law, Science, and Letters. However, one or two degrees are also awarded during fall convocations.

Candidates for the degrees are nominated by the public and selected by the U of A's Senate Committee, a 15-member panel consisting of the Chancellor, Vice President Academic and Provost, academic and non-academic staff, graduate and undergraduate students and senate members. Recipients are viewed as role

models for University staff and students.

Recipient Walter Lichem is head of the Division for International Organizations in the Austrian Ministry Foreign Affairs. He served as the Austrian Ambassador to Canada from 1993 to 2000, and helped establish the Canadian Center for Austrian and Central European Studies at the U of A.

Antoine Noujaim, the second recipient, is a U of A Professor Emeritus who founded the division of Bionucleonics and Radiopharmacy at the University. Dr Noujaim is well known for his studies in cancer therapy.

Sandra Kereliuk, the U of A's Senate Executive Officer, speaks proudly about the recipients. "They both fall into the criteria for being recognized for special achievement in their fields. Noujaim, for example, is world class with the work he has done."

The two recipients have been contacted and will receive their degrees in two ceremonies in November.



# 'Rave on,' call Edmonton's youth

Taz Dhariwal  
Kelly Zenkewich  
NEWS STAFF

Raves and after-hours clubs, known for keeping patrons dancing all night long and into the early hours of the morning, are threatened by a proposed bylaw in Edmonton that would limit their hours of operation.

In early June, City Council discussed amending a proposed rave bylaw that initially involved noise ordinances and age restrictions, primarily affecting several after-hours clubs in downtown Edmonton.

During that meeting, two major amendments were made. The first amendment stated that all patrons under the age of 18 would not be allowed in all-night clubs after midnight. The second stated that clubs and raves would not be allowed to operate past 3:00am, not unlike licensed events and bars. Council accepted both amendments and a prospective 26 June deadline to pass the bylaw.

As soon as the electronic music community in Edmonton heard of the proposed changes, concerned representatives created the Right to Dance Coalition. The group was born out of a desire to counter possible legislation that rave representatives felt would "kill the

scene."

Volunteers implored people attending a large rave on 24 June to sign a petition opposing the bylaw and advertised the fact that they could contact their City Council member to question council's amendments. The coalition's objective was stated as an attempt to "convince Council to thoroughly investigate" the implications sudden amendments could have on a thriving dance community and understand the consequences of "unfounded legislation."

Edmonton after-hours clubs have been under fire for the past year over noise complaints and increasingly younger patrons staying out until dawn. Many see the changes to the bylaw as a temporary solution to a deeper problem, a fix that may make things worse if raves and clubs become illegal.

Dave Johnston, writer for local paper VUE Weekly, also known as DJ David Stone, encouraged the attendees during a speech at the rally. "Keep dancing, keep making music, keep spinning. Keep doing everything that you are doing now, but be responsible and respectful."

Oliver Friedmann, owner/operator of Lush, the Rev Cabaret, and Therapy after-hours club downtown quoted the late former PM Pierre Trudeau: "The state has no place in the bedrooms of the



Chris Govias / THE GATEWAY

Edmonton's City Council proposed bylaw would detrimentally affect ravers like the ones above.

nation," and stressed that City Council respect the right of people to dance, where they want and when they want.

Council has decided to put off passing the bylaw and legislation is officially documented to be "under review." People involved in the electronic music community remain hopeful that Council will weigh the options and allow the clubs and events to operate late, in the long run saving a thriving art and music community as well as local businesses and music makers.

As local business owner and DJ Rob Tryptomene (Rob Clarke) stated at the rally, "This is my life. I don't know about you guys, but this is what I chose to do for the rest of my life."

To draw attention to the perceived abrupt council amendments, members of the Coalition pulled together local and international DJ talent to play at a rally on the steps of City Hall on 24 June. The idea was based on an i-Dance rally held recently in Toronto to oppose a similar rave bylaw. That rally drew over 15 000

attendees.

Two days before the decision on the bylaw, over 1000 dancers convened at Edmonton City Hall. Representatives of the dance community were attempting to show Council members they were a legitimate group that deserved the politicians' further attention.

Dance representatives wanted the City to uncover better solutions that would foster a more peaceful co-existence between clubs and the surrounding community, and to ensure that legal raves would continue.

## President's focus is on tuition

Samuel wants to 'ask key questions about organization'

Jhenifer Pabillano  
NEWS EDITOR

While others are enjoying fun in the sun, Students' Union President Chris Samuel toils in his office, working on planning his mandate for the next school year. He won't be going on vacation this summer, and he laughs at the thought.

"I believe you get out whatever you put into things," says Samuel. He doesn't have a problem with working hard over the summer.

Though his term began 1 May, Samuel already has a full year of experience behind him. As the previous SU Vice President (Academic), Samuel worked extensively as a student leader, something he feels is a genuine asset in his role as next year's President.

"My experience as a VP has helped in that I understand the job," said Samuel. "I have a thorough knowledge of the University, and my learning and networking curves are minimized. Also, I'm going to have a lot of people looking to me as a leader, and a lot of people are already comfortable with me at the SU."

Samuel, an Honours Biochemistry graduate, deferred his acceptance into the Faculty of Medicine twice in order to work as part of the SU Executive. Finding that he loved the job during his first term, Samuel found inspiration to run a second time.

Asked about his vision for his term as President, Samuel explains his outlook for next year's SU to be "twofold," focusing both inside and outside the SU. "I have two visions, really. One is internal: it's to make the SU better, and more relevant in the lives of the students. One is external: to position students as a powerful and influential force

at all levels of decision making."

Among his plans for next year are projects on tuition and an organizational review of the SU. With tuition, Samuel looks optimistic. "[Tuition] has increased dramatically over the years, and we're only now beginning to see things happen. From the response we've heard from the Provincial government, I really feel they are recognizing that tuition is a problem."

Samuel also plans a review of the SU structure that will examine details and attempt to bring all facets of the SU out in the open. "I want to ask key questions about the organization. I want to look at every facet of the SU at a microscopic level. Once that's done, we can pull out and look at it on a macro level, to see how things fit together. With this we'll tinker with how the union works. If things like service at L'Express is bad, then we don't look good. It represents the SU badly."

Externally, Samuel is also very eager to push the issue of SUB expansion. "This idea has been kicking around for about three to four years. The building is bursting, and expansion is a must. I want to begin breaking ground for the expansion by March 2002."

Samuel has been attempting to use the summer term as President to focus on his goals for next year. However, even with a minimum amount of time under his belt, Samuel is extremely positive about the year to come.

"I've only been in office for two months, but I feel excited and optimistic about next year. I hope I can share it with the students, and I hope they feel as energized as I do. Hopefully, when people look back, they'll say, 'I think Chris and the other VPs did the best job they could.'"

## Do your financial obligations seem insurmountable?

The Students' Union Access Fund may be able to help you scale your mountain of money woes!

### Did you know...

• This program, called the Access Fund, has helped hundreds of students who had nowhere else to turn finish their education through the disbursement of over \$2 million in bursaries.

• The Access Fund is a last resort bursary program that targets those students with the greatest need who have exhausted all other means of financing their education.

### How do I apply?

To apply, pick up an application from the Students' Union receptionist (2-900 SUB) or the Student Financial Aid and Information Centre (2-700 SUB) and book an interview in person with an Access Fund Administrator wherein your application will be reviewed and any other relevant funding options will be discussed.

**Summer 2001 Application and Opt-Out Deadline is:  
4:30pm, July 18, 2001**

Application interviews must be booked before these dates.  
No exceptions can be made.

Phone or email the Access Fund Administrator at 492-4241 or  
accessfund@mail.su.ualberta.ca.  
Stop by the Access Fund office at 2-900 SUB.  
Visit the Access Fund webpage at [www.su.ualberta.ca/accessfund](http://www.su.ualberta.ca/accessfund).



Room 2900  
Students' Union Building  
**www.su.ualberta.ca/accessfund**





## EDITORIAL

### Why I hate this city

For the benefit of those who have been locked in their basement for the past week, allow me to fill you in on Edmonton's most recent embarrassment (we'll talk again after the "World's" eats this city alive). There was a riot on Whyte Avenue last Canada Day.

Yes, a riot. But not the good kind of riot, as in one that "strikes a blow for fair trade or human rights" or something equally righteous. This one was more of the "remarkably stupid jock-tards breaking windows for no reason" variety of disturbance. I guess that makes sense though: there really aren't very many reasons for your average Edmontonian to start busting things at all.

And in the wake of that hurricane of "I AM" T-shirts and Funky Pickle pizza vomit, Edmonton's powers-that-be are clamouring for something tangible upon which to hang the blame. They believe the problem lies in the fact that there are a lot of bars on one street that all let drunk teenagers out at the same time. If there weren't so many of these bars in one place all complying with Alberta's Liquor Board "last call" legislation, everyone would have just went home and played *Mario Party 3* over some cold Dr Peppers.

So, Edmonton's hastily-reached verdict is: the deadly and hitherto unforeseen combination of "establishments that serve alcohol" and "people" was, without doubt, the cause of this massive riot. Having

established that, now the city is preparing to come down hard on Whyte Avenue's pub-and-club scene. There have been truly idiotic legislation proposals, such as staggering the time that last call is done in the bars along the strip, or smacking every bar with so many parking, fire code, and health code violations that the owners will simply get fed up or go totally broke and pull up their stakes.

All great ideas, except for one thing: I assume the owners of the Whyte Avenue bars all have licenses to ply their trade, and thus have every right to be there. At least, they have as much right to exist as Chez Pierre's has to further suckify the downtown core. And I don't really see anything on Whyte that isn't a Christmas-themed candle store going out of business anytime soon.

The only reason that our city councillors are preparing such punitive and excessive legislations against Whyte Avenue's legitimate business is simply that there's no way to effectively punish all of the insanely stupid people who actually perpetrated the damage.

To put it in the form of an excessive yet poignant hyperbole, blaming the bars for the Canada Day riot is like blaming the tumultuous economic state of 1930s Germany for the Holocaust.

That's why I hate this city.

Chris Boutet  
OPINION EDITOR

# Hey Kids!

Check out this summer's hot new riot wear!



## LETTERS

### Upcoming "World's" annoyingly intrusive

I've had about enough of this competition, and it's still a few weeks away. At the end of June I was booted out of my comfortable Garneau walk-up apartment because the organizing committee for the aforementioned event decided that officials, or athletes, or who knows who, should live in my apartment during that time instead of me.

What am I, pond scum? Am I worth less as a person than these people because I can't run the 100-metre dash in ten seconds? These people should be put up in hotels, or in the hostel, or better yet, in the very homes of the members of the organizing committee.

Curse these games, curse the disruption it's causing in the community, and curse modern economics for making it financially favourable for Edmonton to host these games.

Why do people give a shit about track and field anyways? People literally just run, jump and throw things. There's no coherency to it, like in baseball; there's no team co-ordination required, like in basketball. There's no raw, crunching excitement like in football or hockey. It's just a bunch of humps parading around in bibs and white shoes.

I'll parade around in a bib and white shoes for money if you'd like me to, and I won't even ask for a

bunch of students to be cleared out of their homes in order to do so.

JOHN VENABLES  
EDUCATION IV

### Tennis: love me!

What's the matter with you, Edmonton! What audacity, what arrogance! How dare you go and destroy Avenue Guitars and Top's porno rack when you all—each and every motherfucking one of you—should have been home watching what will undoubtedly be regarded as the greatest tennis every played. Of course, I'm talking about Wimbledon.

Duh, beer. Duh, lootin'. For effin' shame! There's no excuse for missing either of the five-set gentlemen's semifinals, or the thrilling five-set final. How could any of you look Partick Rafter—truly a man among men—in the face after thumbing your nose at the epic performance he staged in defeat.

Or can any of you simpletons even contemplate what Goran Ivanisovic's heroic triumph will mean for the nation of Croatia and it's war-torn souls? How about Tim Henman, with the entire weight of a home nation upon his broad shoulders, slugging it out toe to toe, leaving nothing to chance, and still falling short.

John McEnroe stated it perfectly after the final, "This has been the

greatest final I have ever been a part of." This is a bold statement in light of his final against Bjorn Borg in 1980, considered by many as the greatest match ever played.

Hang your heads, you moronic yokels. Tear shit up, men. Take off your tops, women. You will never know greatness; you will know only the greatest hangover of your pathetic lives.

G LUCAS BAKAY  
SCIENCE IV

### Food Bank posters manipulative

We came across a poster on campus reporting the theft of donations from Food Bank boxes. Our initial reactions to this poster were of the expected nature—irritation, disgust, and general horror. The nerve of someone who would steal from starving students!

The author of these posters is reminiscent of the person who helpfully writes down the license plate number of cars that "accidentally" smash your beloved wheels without leaving you the insignificant information that will later save you X amount of your precious cash.

However, after further consideration, perhaps the situation is not quite so simple. Someone told us that the most common product shoplifted from drug stores is Preparation H. Who really wants to walk up to the counter and announce to all their swollen hem-

orrhoid problems? Not us! Perhaps the person responsible for thievery from the Food Bank is simply feeling a bit too shy to blatantly admit to requiring assistance.

We aren't talking about house owners from the west end coming down to campus to steal canned leeks for their vichyssoise. It's a toss-up, and none of us are sure about the motives at work here. Let's just live and let live without always jumping to negative conclusions.

STEVE OSADETZ  
LINDSEY WHITSON  
ARTS III

### Bike racks are being monopolized by slope-browed idiots

First off, I'd like to say it's nice to see a lot of people riding their bikes to campus during the summer. That said, some of these same people need to figure out just how a bike rack is meant to work.

One is not supposed to chain your bike lengthwise along the rack. It simply isn't the way to do it. This doesn't happen in the winter, when only the cold and foolhardy myself are riding, and it usually doesn't happen during the regular school year. This suggests that it is only those summer riders who haven't quite figured out how this ostensibly simple process works.

Perhaps I'm embittered because I tend to cut my arrival times a bit

short and having to search for a space just makes compounds my own faults. But, quite honestly, it seems like some people have just lost the training wheels and are in desperate need of training locks.

Folks, if you really feel the need to pull your Huffy out of mom's garage, then at least remember what she taught you about sharing, and leave some space for me.

ADAM HOUSTON  
SCIENCE III

### Letters enjoyed by all

Hey you! Like reading letters? Then you'll love writing letters! Send them off to managing@su.ualberta.ca! Do it right now for maximum fun! Super lucky maximum fun, that is! Yeah!

CHRIS BOUTET  
ARTS III

Letters to the editor should be dropped off at room 0-10 of the Students' Union Building, or e-mailed to managing@su.ualberta.ca.

The Gateway reserves the right to edit letters for length and clarity, and to refuse publication of letters it deems racist, sexist, libelous, or otherwise hateful in nature.

Letters to the editor should be no longer than 350 words in length and include the name, student identification number, program, and year of study of the author, to be considered for publication.



# World-class event causing world-class stupidity



Adam Rozenhart

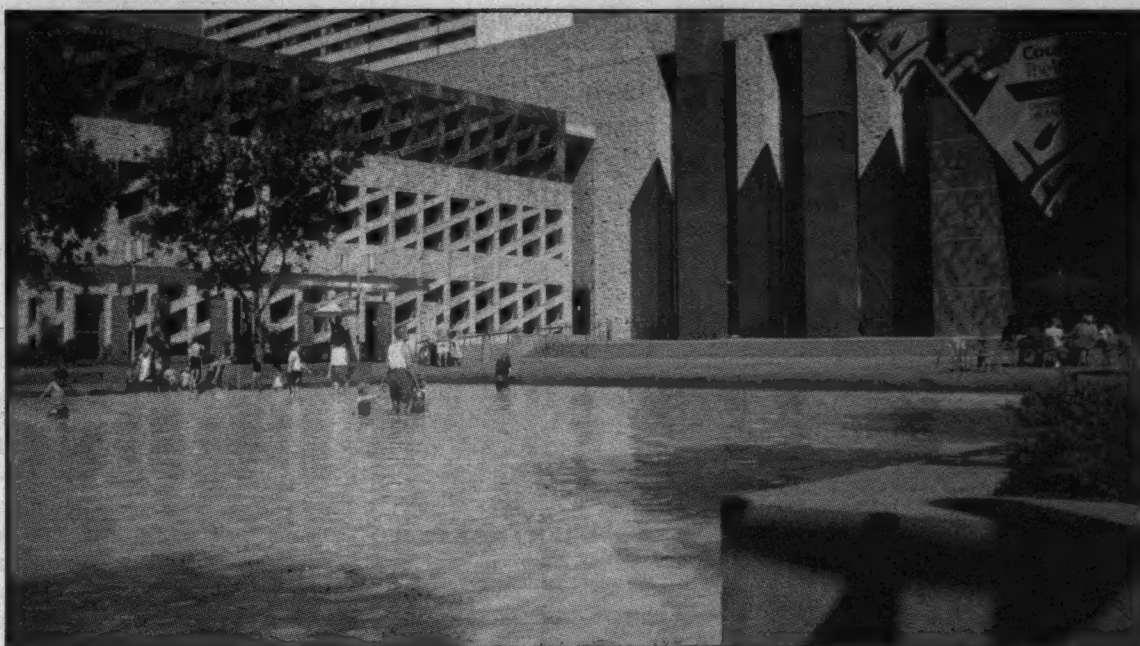
Sports are indeed an integral part of any well-rounded individual. For a guy, there is nothing more sexy and sleek than wearing a pair of delicious tights and slippers, something to which I was subjected at the tender age of seven years.

You see, unlike most kids who were enrolled in hockey, baseball, or even team dodgeball, my parents decided that gymnastics would provide a positive experience for an impressionable youth like myself to form a well-adjusted personality.

They couldn't have been more wrong—evidenced by the fact that I'm now a staff writer for the *Gateway*.

This is not, however, a sob story about why I'm now a pathological sock-darner. I'm not. In fact, I like to think that gymnastics has indeed helped me to become the brash young X-Wing pilot that I am today. My reflexes are keen, my eyesight impeccable, and my physique ... Well, just call me Jek Porkins.

Sports in general, I dare say, especially team dodgeball, are not only a fantastic way to juice it up—yeah, and lose weight, feel great—but they're also a unifying force, drawing people together so that they may shout out obscenities in chorus.



Mike Wharmby / THE GATEWAY

This popular wading spot will soon be transformed into a hip little bistro for good ole Bill Smith and his friends.

So with the International Amateur Athletics Foundation lurching into town this August, you'd think that I would be quite excited at the prospect of attending a world-class event. In fact I'm more than a little apprehensive. It seems that some Edmontonians, our mayor in particular, have been infected with a virus that causes the formation and implementation of irrational ideas.

The most prominent example of the IAAF virus is Mayor Bill's proposal to turn the wading pool into a bistro. This seems like just another way for the city to gouge tourists and take business away from surrounding restaurants.

I'm sure I don't understand the hoopla one way or the other. Those who are upset about losing the wading pool have obviously never been to the Provincial Legislature. The pool there is huge, and it's only

about 10 blocks west of City Hall. If you have the energy to wade in Bill Smith's pool, then surely you can muster the strength for that arduous 10-block journey to Ralph's domain.

***Sports in general, I dare say, especially team dodgeball, are not only a fantastic way to juice it up, but they are also a unifying force, drawing people together so that they may shout out obscenities in chorus.***

The IAAF virus has also forced Bill Smith to form the irrational idea of creating a fake herd of Buffalo on Calgary Trail North. This herd's job, apparently, is to greet visitors on their way into town. It is meant to decorate the drab trail. Perhaps leaving flowerbeds

up along the trail and Whitemud Drive would have been a more pleasant alternative to a herd of synthetic buffalo.

The argument that a bunch of flowers were a distraction should also apply to a herd of buffalo. Drivers speeding past will likely do double takes and perhaps even stare at the herd, trying to decipher whether they are real or not. I can see the headlines now: "Thirty-car pile-up caused by fake buffalo."

However, the arrival of the games doesn't only mean bad things and stupid ideas; it also gives Edmontonians the opportunity to attend a world-class athletic performance, which is great. If we're really lucky, however, the City Hall Bistro will sink faster than the Titanic and some poachers will nix the herd of buffalo along Calgary Trail. Now that would be a world-class show.

## Summer: doing it up twenty-something style

Being young can be fun. Can be ...



Jagdeep Dhadli

It's summer, and if your reading this, you're probably one of those poor bastards taking courses right now. Myself? I'm one of those poor bastards who works at a schmuck job so I can afford to spend eight months at this place complaining about how totally expensive it is.

This brings me to the intent of this article: summers ain't what they used to be. Now, I'm not exactly breaking new ground here, but I feel this idea needs to be brought into print, just so I can show all five or six of you still reading how far we've fallen.

Summers as a kid (for me anyway) consisted of three major things: GI Joe, ice cream with friends, and the family vacation. Now, my summers consist of working, constantly e-mailing the mayor of Hartford to bring back the Whalers, and watching horrible Sunday-afternoon television.

Speaking of which, have you seen what's on the tube during weekend afternoons? I've seen Grade Nine student films on IUDs with higher production values and more intelligent writing than on *Xena: Warrior Princess*.

But I digress. I realize there are some of you reading this who are saying, "Boo hoo! You're a big fuckin' baby, man! That what being an adult is all about! Quit your whining!" Well, I realize that summer is a part of becoming a responsible adult although I fail to see what being an underachieving bookstore clerk who spends all day in the erotica section teaches me about responsibility.

All I'm saying is it's unfortunate that for the grand cause of lives as tie-wearing stiff we have to sacrifice what used to be a couple of months of relaxing bliss. Wait, is there such thing as tension-filled bliss?

However, I have been a tad one-sided; summers for us twenty-somethings can be fun too. For example, we now have access to cars, which has really opened up some new avenues of frolicking. Ever throw a bus bench through a donair shop window during Canada day? Nothing adds to the fun like hopping into your getaway car, *Starsky and Hutch* style.

Also, the ease at which alcohol is now obtained has led to some interesting, cop-fightin', summer wackiness.

When you tally everything up, summer, as a kid was still the best. It was more adventurous, more precious and more enjoyable. I guess because it was a real vacation, as opposed to a four-month hiatus from the RATT, skipping class, and complaining about how summer went by so fast.

## Run me off the road and I'll kill you



Kris Meen

I ride a bike. I ride it everywhere. It's the only vehicle I own.

On my daily ride to and from work, most of my fellow commuters drive cars, and I have to say, there are a lot of very considerate car drivers out there. Many drivers give me space—more space than I need sometimes. They stop to let me by at intersections, even when they have the right of way. To those many drivers, I thank you.

However, there are other drivers who feel the need to comment on my vehicle of choice. "Hey baby, nice bike," yell teenaged girls from the used GT their parents bought for them. "Have a nice ride," wish trendy young professionals from behind their Ray-Ban sunglasses, speeding by in their SUVs. And just last week, some fat guy in a rusted up van queried, "Hey, faggot! Why don't you get a car?"

Why don't I get a car? Well, I'll tell you why (with apologies in advance to everyone whose car I've ever borrowed).

I actually just returned to riding my bike every day again in January

***Trust me, I'm already scared shitless. I don't like getting that close to massive hunks of moving metal. Honking your horn is liable to make me swerve into a parked car, or worse, into traffic. I might get horribly injured, in which case I would spend the rest of my life suing you for every penny you own and finding people I can pay to have your kneecaps broken with crowbars.***

this year. Since then I've dropped twenty pounds. I sleep better at night. I have a lovely rosy complexion.

As I make less than \$20 000 a year, I have more money than I know what to do with (no gas, no car payments, no insurance, dirt cheap repairs). Plus, I've not spent one penny supporting nasty oil and car companies that are driving the slow moral and environmental death of the whole world.

But whatever. I don't mind people badgering me from their cars. They have every right to think I should get a car, and every right to tell me I should. I'm willing to put all that in the category of honest cultural discourse.

But some drivers step over the line. I was riding my bike down a narrow part of Whyte Ave, just past 99th Street. There are cars parked in the third lane and room in the second lane for a bike or a car, but not both. It's very busy—and some guy in a car gets right up behind me and honks his horn at me.

Now this brings the discourse into the realm of coercion. This

is where the phrase "tyranny of the road" comes into play. This deserves the following reaction, which I direct at that particular motorist, and any other that chooses to do something equally obnoxious and dangerous.

Look, you inbred fuck. I've got every right to be on that road, and to ride on it safely and unmolested. In that situation, if you can't go to the next lane and pass me, wait a few measly fucking seconds until I have some room to pull over, which I'll gladly fucking do. Trust me, I'm already scared shitless. I don't like getting that close to massive hunks of moving metal. Honking your horn is liable to make me swerve into a parked car, or worse, into traffic. I might get horribly injured, in which case I would spend the rest of my life suing you for every penny you own and finding people I can pay to have your kneecaps broken with crowbars. Or you'll kill me, and then you'll be in really deep shit.

Also, fuck you and your car, and I hope you die of carbon monoxide poisoning.

## THE BURLAP SACK

Let's talk about love. We all know what we do when we love someone: we take every available opportunity to fondle, grab, and molest our partner, in public no less, as an effort of showing said partner how much we really do care.

Turns out, this is disgusting. No really. I'm not kidding. Yeah, I always thought, "People must love how we're able to display our grotesque manifestations of love so openly." But, no. It's gross.

So I've decided to take a vow of anti-public-displays-of-affection. It's so easy. No girlfriend means I can sit in the little park area between HUB and the Old Arts Building and play with my little squirrel friends instead of make out with them.

So, enough beating around the bush: We know you're horny. We know you have a significant other. We know it's hot out and you can't wear many clothes. We know how much you love each other. Really. We do.

Don't make out in public. Kneetouching and hand-fondling is wrong. And weird.

DAVID "LOVERBOY" ZEIBIN

*The Burlap Sack is a semi-regular feature where, a person or group who needs to be put in a sack and beaten, is ridiculed in print. No sack beatings are actually administered.*



# Newspapers need Stock to kick around Too much sun makes you stupid



Dave Alexander

On behalf of Canadian journalists I'd like to say "Thanks" to Stockwell Day. As the beleaguered Alliance leader is dragged kicking and screaming into the political sunset, I realize just how much we're going to miss him.

His melodramatic self-destruction has filled whole forests worth of newsprint as the media details the soap opera one might call *The Day Of Our Lives*. Regardless of how you feel about the man's politics, there's no denying that he's more entertaining than most fiction.

In the era of *Survivormania*, the Alliance mutiny couldn't have come at a better time. There's enough warring and dramatics to at least warrant an After School Special or bad Canadian TV movie. It could be called *Stock: All's Well That Ends Well*. Naturally, it would be about Day: the fallen leader, a tragic hero who flew too close to the sun and burned his neck bright, bright red.

There's also the wise mother figure, Deb Grey, who could whup a dozen Russian Circus bears, the mysterious and possibly invisible "Grassroots" that may or may not exist. And Robbie Anders, the Clown Prince of Evil who wields an Anti-Communist Laser. Comic relief would come in the form of Inky Mark, who I don't know much about, but suspect used to be one

*Like any good journalist I haven't been reading the Sun, but I can't even imagine what their front pages will look like as things get worse for the party. I envision a picture blown up so huge that it will only show Day's eye and have a 1300-point font that folds out from the side of the paper and says "ALLIANCE GO BOOM" with like 75 exclamation marks. That's how excited newspapers get about Day and that's why we'll miss him dearly when he's gone.*

of the ghosts in *Pac Man*. With a name like Inky, the guy has got to be a good time. Maybe he's an octopus.

And there are just so many great names and titles attached to the whole affair. The Bear radio station is fond of referring to the dissenting members of Day's party as the "Rebel Alliance," while I'm partial to "The Rebel MPs." Say it out loud. "The Rebel MPs." It sounds like a rap group of paunchy middle-aged guys in cowboy hats. Maybe Inky Mark will lead them, perhaps creating a new party called Inky Mark and the Funky Bunch. They'd probably sell out Parliament for a week. His slogan could be "Nothing comes between me and my dissidents."

Anyway, us newspaper types owe a debt of gratitude for all the great headline opportunities that Day and the Alliance have given us. Remember the *Edmonton Journal* cover from 29 June with the front-page headline, "Eviction notice: Day threatens rebel MPs with expulsion"? It had pictures of a dozen Alliance members with "REBEL" stamped across their faces like mug-shots of a Wall Street biker gang. There have been other great ones too, like "Taking Stock" when he had issues with his cabinet. The best thing about

him resigning will be the inevitable headline, "Day of Reckoning."

Like any good journalist I haven't been reading the *Sun*, but I can imagine what their front page will look like when things get worse for the party. I envision a picture blown up so huge that it will only show Day's eye and have a 1300-point font that folds out from the side of the paper and says "ALLIANCE GO BOOM" with like 75 exclamation marks. That's how excited newspapers get about Day and that's why we'll miss him dearly when he's gone.

With any luck, Inky will indeed lead a new party so the whole thing can start all over again. I can see the headlines already: "Inky leaves mark," "Inky red over leadership troubles," "Inky runs dry." Wow, I sure hope Inky sticks around; it would be a terrible waste to see him return to chasing *Pac Man* around all the time.

When the dust settles and we're back to reporting about raves and riots, we'll long for Day and his Disbanded Merry Men.

It just goes to show that politics still make for good entertainment and a great name will help get you on the front page—that or a pair of large breasts and a bikini if you're the *Edmonton Sun*.



Brendan Procé

Have you ever noticed how the sun brings out the worst in people?

People drive too fast, play their shitty Top-40 music too loud, and indulge their vanity in lengthy sessions at the gym and tanning salon. Old men walk down busy streets wearing unbuttoned Hawaiian shirts and short shorts. People who should never, ever wear spandex seem to take the sun as license to dress themselves in this fabric. And annoying tourists drop all efforts to hide their status when the flaming ball in the sky is shining bright.

And what of the rioting on Whyte? Earlier that day the sun was baking that street. Too many idiots, affected by excessive suds and sun. Would that have happened if it had been, say, raining that day? Of course not!

Rain humbles people, while the sun ignites all sorts of strange behaviour in all sorts of folks, rain has a simple, uniting effect on people: they get wet.

The sun splinters society because everyone has a different idea of what the best way is to take advantage of it. Some play sports and hang out on beaches, while others hide inside writing articles for student newspapers. The jocks and the geeks, you know?

A comforting calmness comes over people when it rains. People at work act more professionally, and the streets are filled and emptied as fast as people can scurry to their destinations. People do strange things, like have meaningful conversations indoors, and a few of the more eccentric may even pick up a book. If not friendlier, most people at least increase their tolerance of others.

In busier places, the gentle patter of the circumstance replaces the annoying din of society. Superficial thoughts of sales or marketing are replaced with deeper thoughts of warmth and survival. The strut is replaced by the walk, and arrogance by acceptance.

Rain does this because rain affects us all in the same way. It gives us a reason to come together. In beating the rain, it's like we're all mounting our defences against a common enemy. And that enemy isn't another faction of humanity. Bonus!

Rain is good. Most people drive safer when the roads are slick, the sounds of crappy music are safeguarded in these vehicles by thick panes of glass, and the same old men who dress like Tom Hanks from *Cast Away* when it's sunny are back in their suits and coveralls. The annoying tourists blend back into the community and the owners of health clubs are left twiddling their thumbs, praying for more sun and profit.

I guess, if you think about it, rain helps stamp out stupidity, or at least mute it for a while. So, for a sojourn to enlightenment, dance a little rain jig. We can all come together before we all run back inside.

## Dave Alexander's TOP TEN

### Things overheard at the Canada Day riot

- 10 I haven't had this much fun since Woodstock '99.
- 9 I suddenly feel a burning surge of nationalist pride. Wait ... No, that's the pepper spray.
- 8 This parade sucks.
- 7 Check out the armload of stale chocolate I looted from the Dollar Store! Sweet!
- 6 Uh oh. Looks like they've doubled the number of cops surrounding Tim Hortons.
- 5 Dude! It's like we're some kind of modern day Vikings, dude!
- 4 Hey Trent, I thought you said there'd be chicks.
- 3 Is this the Canadian Alliance national convention?
- 2 Hey buddy, where's your Canadian pride? Now help me hurl this garbage can through the Tokyo Noodle House.
- 1 Who said drunk, white, sexually frustrated jocks don't know how to par-tay!

# This just in: fast-food jobs are bad

Erika Thorkelson

Fast food is gross. Anybody who has ever greedily ingested a sawdust-choked hamburger between a pair of cardboard bun-like circles knows that.

What I don't think most realize is that behind those shit-eating grins and jauntily-stained buy-the-food-I'm-selling T-shirts, the people who are working at the counter of the average fast food joint are not gross, but their job is. How do I know this? I was one.

My name is Erika and I am a recovering fast-food jockey.

My first fast-food job was hocking doughnuts for \$4.75 per hour. I was fifteen and miserable. The worst thing about the job, aside from the cotton shirt that showed off anything I wore underneath and the grandma white runners that somehow managed to leave my feet aching despite their claim of total comfort, was the boss and owner of the store. He was the self-important type for whom every penny must be accounted and every surface must be cleaned till it shined, even the wood.

While his cravat-wearing visored army danced about out front, our fearless manager would disappear into his office to watch our progress on the camera that was meant to save us all from burglars. On more than one occasion we would be hit with the brunt of his dissatisfaction by means of a God-like voice echoing over the intercom.

"Work faster girls," he would

shout—he was fond of calling us girls despite that the ages of the counter staff ranged from 15 (I was the youngest) to 50.

It wasn't long before, after weeks of coming home reeking of chocolate cake doughnuts and cream filling, I quit the bad habit that was the fast-food industry for what I thought was forever.

Sadly, I was wrong.

**"Work faster girls," he would shout—he was fond of calling us girls despite that the ages of the counter staff ranged from 15 (I was the youngest) to 50.**

Last Reading Week, feeling the drag of my empty pocket book and the weight of disappearing student loans, I followed a "Help Wanted" sign back to that sordid world.

The difference was that this place was one of those trendy places that claimed to treat their workers like real people. Supposedly, the people who worked there loved their jobs, their coworkers, and even their boss. I was even told I was hired because "I was cool."

Unfortunately, it wasn't long before I discovered that even the trendiest fast-food restaurant suffers from the same stupid costumes and gruelling labour that are trademarks of that horrible world. My first shift was spent elbow deep in soapy water while people built a cage of dishes around me. I finished the shift with raw hands, a

shirt spotted pink from bleach, and a monster backache.

For some reason, I didn't quit that day. Oh no. I dragged my masochistic ass to that store at least three days a week for more than five months before a change in management made things really intolerable.

Now, a change in management is always an ordeal. Typically it means dealing with a manager who is inept, overzealous, and yet to be whipped into complacency by the realization that a retarded monkey could do his or her job better. All these things happened and more.

Apparently, the owners of the store (themselves relatively new to the fast food game) fired the last manager in the face of rising labour costs and the new manager had vowed to cut these.

The workers—or rather the money the owners were cruelly forced to give us for working—became the enemy. Benefits that kept me around, such as free food, were cut down and three-hour shifts (the shortest shifts allowed by the labour board) were implemented.

My little Marxist heart cried revolt.

When I finally quit, it was the best feeling in the world. I had to stop myself from doing a Hollywood musical-style I'm-quitting-forever song and dance routine on the counter.

So anyhow, this is my final message to the fast food industry in general: you're gross, but your workers aren't, so be nice to them.



IF YOU'RE  
NAKED,  
YOU'RE  
PROBABLY IN  
TORONTO.  
THE ONLY  
THING LEFT  
TO DECIDE IS  
IF YOU'RE A  
BOY OR A  
GIRL.  
MIKE IS A  
BOY.

THE GATEWAY

IT'S COOL.



# New Eldon Foote Stadium boasts world-class facilities

Erika Thorkelson  
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

After more than two years of planning and construction, the Eldon Foote Stadium is ready for business.

Ready just in time for the Eighth IAAF World Championship in Athletics, the U of A's new track and field stadium will be the practice space for the some 3000 international athletes who will be housed in Lister Hall residences.

Built entirely on U of A farmland, the stadium will feature a world-class track. Mondo America was chosen to install tracks of vulcanized, natural rubber in all the facilities used during the Championships, including Commonwealth Stadium. The company claims to make the "fastest track surface in the world."

The track itself has been measured to conform within the few millimetres of length leeway allotted for the Championships by the Edmonton-based international survey and geomatics company, Focus Intec.

None of these incredible features would have been possible were it not for U of A alumnus Eldon Foote. Not long into construction, it became clear that the \$8 million approved budget just wasn't going to cut it. Foote, already one of the University's greatest private contributors with \$10 000 in track and field scholarships in his name, seemed a logical choice to take up the slack.

Foote graduated with a Law degree in 1948 and made his for-



Jennifer Danilowich / THE GATEWAY

The brand new state-of-the-art facility comes loaded with features including classrooms, a fitness centre and, of course, a concession.

tune in Japan. After retirement, he moved to Norfolk Island off the coast of Australia but maintains a close relationship with the U of A.

"I figured there would be no problem raising the money with all the oil and gas royalties around," Foote told the *Edmonton Sun's* Scott Zerr,

"but they asked me if I knew anybody who might be interested in helping them out ... not realizing they were thinking of me. Three weeks later, I realized it was me."

Though the contribution is unusual in a Canadian university, it is common for American uni-

versities to rely heavily on alumni money. It also added a personal touch by naming the building in honour of Foote's long-standing generosity.

Regardless of the budget obstacles, the Eldon Foote stadium will include a natural grass surface

field on the west side for soccer and an artificial turf surface on the east side for football and field hockey. Inside the building there will be classrooms, aerobic room space, locker rooms, a fitness centre, meeting rooms, a press box, and of course, a concession.

## Bears head coach focuses on rebuilding team

Collin Gallant  
Christie Tucker  
SPORTS STAFF

They say that defence wins championships, but for new Bears football head coach Jerry Friesen, it's his team's biggest challenge and possibly its greatest strength.

No stranger to the defensive side of the pigskin, Friesen has spent the last 13 seasons as a defensive co-ordinator in Canada West ball, nine with the powerhouse Huskies teams of the late 80s, early 90s, and the last four with Calgary. As part of his head-coach duties, Friesen is writing a similar role for himself in the capital city as defensive co-ordinator.

"We go in a whole new defensive system," said Friesen. "We're making some changes offensively as well, but I think that's the major change. With the players, it's getting used to the new coaching staff and getting to know the new systems."

As part of the new coaching staff, the Bears have added seven new coaches and have retained five assistants from last year, most in new roles.

The coaching staff was revamped after previous coach Tom Wilkinson's contract expired. During Wilkinson's ten-year tenure

as head coach, the Bears had a losing record of 22-36-1.

"This year [defensively] we've got some good returning players, so we've got some depth there and some experience," said Friesen looking ahead to when the Bears start training camp in mid-August. It will be a chance for both the players and the coaching staff to set the dynamic for the new season.

The team will be dealing with a lot of new experiences in August, emphasized Friesen: "Myself as a head coach, players that are going through a lot of firsts because they haven't done things my way. There's an adjustment period and we're all going to have those growing pains for the first few practices, maybe the first few days of training camp."

With only 14 days between the start of training camp and their first game, the pressure will be on Friesen and the team to build a successful partnership right away. "That doesn't give you a lot of time to become real broad in your approach so you just nail it down and make sure you have good execution."

The key to fulfilling that goal successfully, Friesen says, is using the experience of the new coaching staff to get a good performance from this year's team. "As a coaching staff we know that we've got

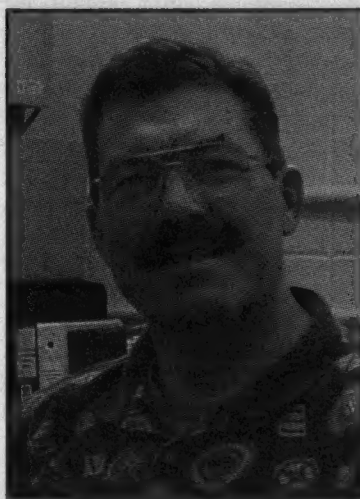


Photo courtesy U of A Varsity Athletics

Bears head coach Jerry Friesen.

some good, skilled players. Now it's just a matter of making sure we give them an opportunity to excel in those areas that they're comfortable in," he said.

But Friesen is looking for more than a few trophies out of his new job.

"I want [the football program] to become paralleled to the other programs on campus. Paralleled to our hockey teams, our basketball teams, our volleyball teams and bring it up to standard that they set out there. When you take a look at all the other programs, they're always in the top echelon of Canadian sports."



## GOLDEN BEARS FOOTBALL COACHING LINEUP

Head Coach Jerry Friesen

### Offence

**Offensive Coordinator** Terry Eisler (previous Running Backs coach)  
**Quarterbacks Coach** OJ Lepps (formerly of Edmonton Wildcats)  
**Offensive Backfield Coach** Scott Smith (OBF Coach 1994-1996)  
**Receivers Coach** Tim Enger (Technical Director of Football Alberta)  
**Receivers Assistant** Marc Tobert (previously with Edmonton Eskimos)  
**Offensive Line Coach** Marcel Wynychuk (returning)  
**Offensive Line Coach** Gerry Inglis

### Defence

**Linebackers Coach** Jerry Friesen  
**Defensive Co-ordinator** Jerry Friesen  
**Defensive Assistants**  
Rick Medcke (returning after one-year absence)  
Steve Connell (returning)  
Peter Rachmistruk (Secondary Coach)  
Trent Brown (assisted coaching Defensive Backs for Edmonton Eskimos)



## Impure Art show at Citadel offers 'best chance to get laid in city'

### ART SHOW

### PREVIEW

**Impure 2: The Second Coming**  
The Citadel Theatre  
20 July, 8:00pm

Heather Adler  
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

Ever wonder what Mayor Bill Smith would look like skanked up in a pair of assless leather pants? Ever marvel at the notion of a Supreme Court of Canada judges making their meat puppets salute scantily clad fetish models showing off the latest in latex chic?

If this year's Impure gala is half the fetish festival that the semi-nude pictures on the handbills cluttering the city's trendiest tables promise it to be, you just might get to satiate such dirty little curiosities and oh-so much more. Boasting invites to everyone from the mayor, to judges, to the most ostentatious young artists Edmonton has to offer, Impure 2: the Second Coming, is sure to be one hell of a naughty party.

Upwards of 2000 people are expected to descend on the Citadel Theatre for the "gala night of art, music, cocktails, fashions you can't wear, sex and intrigue."

Since last year's inaugural Impure, it has grown from a show-



Marcus Bence / THE GATEWAY

**Terry Daly peaks playfully from behind one of Impure's more tame offerings**

case of eight artists to an exhibition of over 200 pieces from twenty artists who were hand picked from all over the country.

But hang onto your edible undies, there's more.

This year, in amongst the sculptures, there will be two live DJs, live music from the Hi-Phoniks, and three stages for fashion/art performances. Terry Daly, a local

artist and U of A Fine Arts student, describes the fashion show as "women just flaunting themselves, walking up and down the entire room then standing up at the end in a giant pyramid type sculpture before casually walking back through the crowd." With clothes provided by such head-turners as Sanctuary, Dreggs, and Moana Lisa this is sure to be one titillating

(pun intended) event.

It isn't often that an affair worthy of being described as "a sexual Mardi Gras" hits the capital city. As Daly explains, "People are starving for something that is entertaining and different. People want to be able to put on a really really sexy outfit, go out for the evening and be surrounded by all this great tension. I mean, honestly, that room,

on that night will be your best chance to get laid in the city."

And tension there is sure to be. "Last year some people were a little offended. It is very very risqué. I had images of women bending over in front of a bunch of men with three fingers stuck up their butt. I had an image of a dog giving it to a cow. I had a very large image of a vagina just standing right out there saying 'look at me'. [Sex is] not always portrayed in an extremely beautiful manner but sometimes portrayed in a very rough, very dirty way. Just to make people a little uncomfortable. To put a little edge on the show."

Not everything in the gala will go quite so far to provoke, and the diversity in content will range from tasteful realist paintings to stimulating exhibits lewd enough to make Betty Page blush. Still, Daly assures that all the pieces will "open your eyes just a little bit." There is going to be something for everyone so it doesn't matter if you're coming decked out in suit and tie or hotpants and studded collar, just as long as you come.

Tickets are \$18 in advance or \$20 at the door and are available from Café La Gare, FindersKeepers, and Donna Restaurant. Also, be sure to come prepared to stroke (your credit card silly) because all items on display will be available for purchase, in case you want to keep coming once the night is over.

## U of A students make new take on the old bard worth seeing

### PLAY REVIEW

### Hamlet

Directed by Brent James  
Starring Scott Olynek, Marie Elizabeth Jones, Matthew Kloster, Denny Lamoureux, Liana Shannon  
Borden Park  
76 Street 112 Avenue  
4 - 14 July  
Tickets available at Tix on the Square

James Elford  
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

Anyone who remembers Mel Gibson's performance of Hamlet might have asked themselves the same question that Brent Jans did when he decided to tackle Shakespeare's Hamlet: what the hell is this old man doing?

While most performances of Hamlet do not play the prince's moody sullenness as close to a mid-life crisis as Gibson did, Jans admits that he was "always bothered by one thing: Hamlet is too old." It was because of this that he decided his presentation of the famous tragedy would be different. He changed not only Hamlet's age (from 30ish to just under 20), but the time period (from Medieval to early Christian), and prominence of the ghost. And while it might surprise some Shakespearean purists, these changes work well—for the most part.

The performance was enjoyable enough that a couple of short rain

showers could neither stop the performers nor move the audience (few of whom were ready for the weather) from the outdoor venue. While the first scene was a little rushed, the rest flowed smoothly and the spartan set helped focus the audience on the actor's performances.

The cast turned in an energetic performance, and while there were varying degrees of comfort with Shakespeare's text amongst the cast, it was solid for the most part. Highlights included Scott Olynek's brooding Hamlet, Danny Lamoureux's very funny Polonius, and Liana Shannon's Gertrude. Scott Sharplin also turned a strong performance as Laertes.

Many of the actors, such as Jimmy Shewchuk (Hamlet's father's Ghost), are U of A drama students. Both Shewchuk and Olynek (Hamlet) credit their U of A schooling for helping with the technical aspect of the play. "I took a Shakespeare course with Dr Ley last semester and without it I would have been lost in this production," explains Schewchuk.

The play itself is quite different from what the Bard wrote, with numerous cuts and changes.

Lowering Hamlet's age works well with his character's moody and unpredictable nature.

The change in time period works well to a degree but seems to muddle certain elements of the play. Scott Olynek, the U of A BFA student that plays Hamlet, explains that the actors tried to convey a "tight community of the people on the stage" and that the change in

time period was instrumental to making this work. Removing the hierarchy and stiff social pretensions of medieval Europe gave the relationships in the play greater emotional strength, which all of the actors conveyed excellently, although it did create the feeling of a highly dysfunctional family at times.

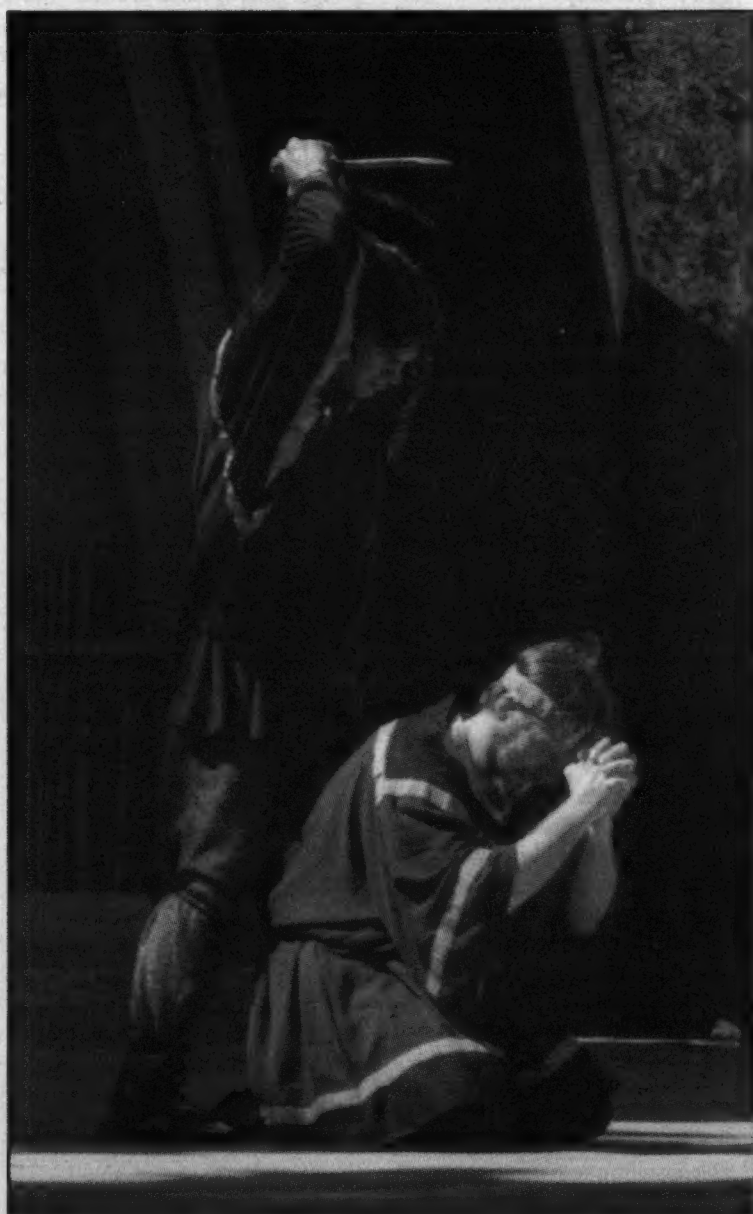
Unfortunately, the use of Norse mythology sometime clashes with the Christian context that is necessary to understand a scene (such as when Hamlet does not kill Claudius because he is praying for forgiveness).

As well, it seems to lend some confusion to Matthew Kloster's otherwise solid Claudius, who shifts too easily from what appears to be a parent concerned about Hamlet to a devious and scheming murderer.

Jans also expanded the role of the Ghost, moving him from a mere plot device to a real character in the play. Bringing the apparition in at key points, Jans moves the Ghost from a mere watcher to an active stakeholder in Hamlet's actions.

While Jans set out to bring his own take on Shakespeare to the stage, he never fooled himself into thinking it would be perfect.

Indeed there are some troubles with the play, but the performance is both an intriguing and entertaining take on Shakespeare, even if you don't agree with all of the alterations. As Jans himself explains you can never please everyone, but you can hope that people "will find the part of it we bring here both moving and entertaining."



Mark Woytiuk / THE GATEWAY

**U of A student Scott Olynek's Hamlet stands ready to take the great plunge—straight into his Uncle Claudius' (Matthew Kloster) back.**



## Churchill Square street festival really performs

FESTIVAL  
REVIEW

Street Performers Festival  
Churchill Square  
6-14 July, 2001

Adam Rozenhart  
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

Since 6 July, Edmonton has been host to a nine-day long riot. However, this riot isn't your typical run-of-the-mill Whyte Avenue riot. It is in fact a veritable laugh riot of entertainment.

For the last seven days, Edmonton has hosted a cornucopia of both local and international performers at the Edmonton Street Performers Festival.

Celebrating 17 years of street performing action, the festival draws crowds of as many as 200,000 people each year, who converge on Sir Winston Churchill Square to enjoy the sun, mini-donuts, lots of laughter and tears.

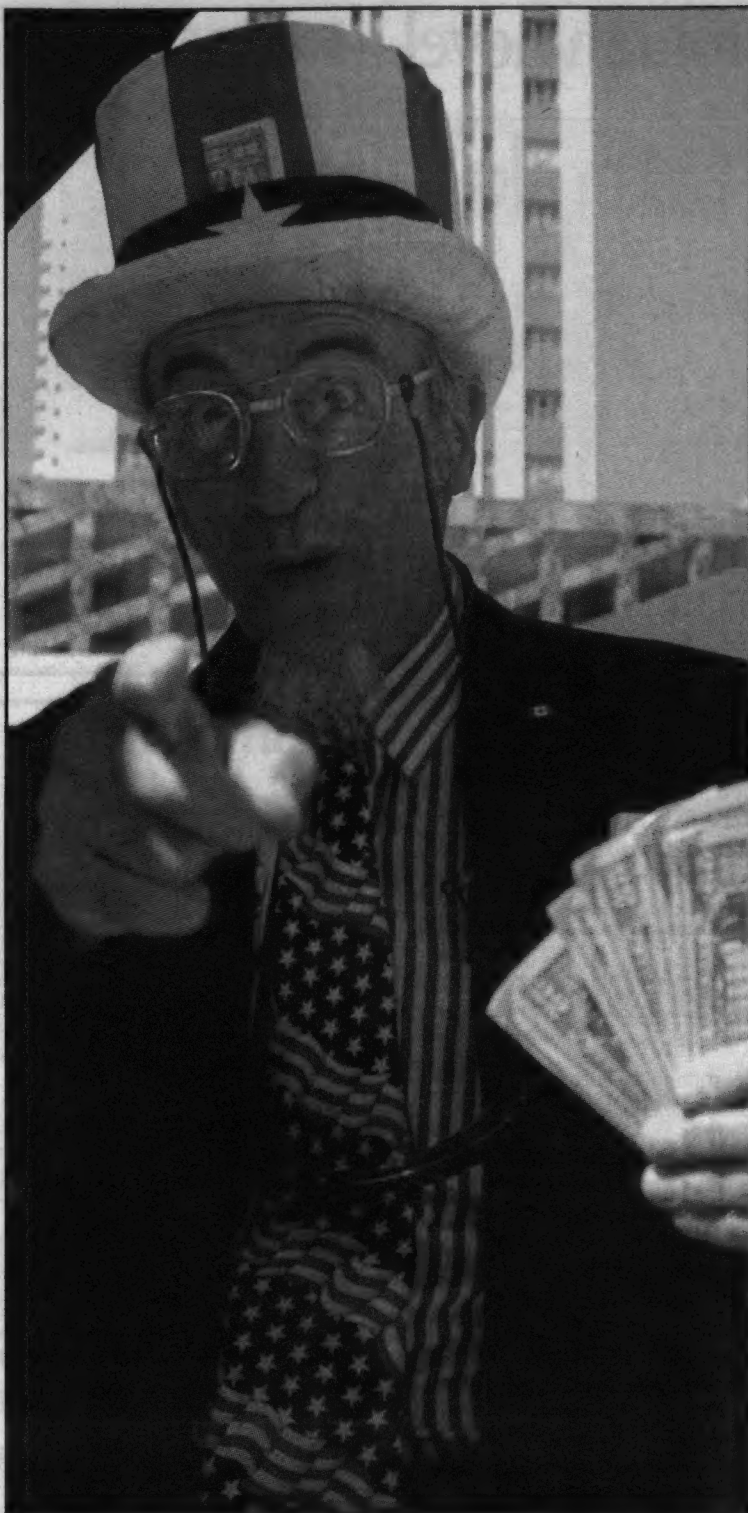
The performers range in discipline from mime to acrobats, from unicyclists to Mayor Bill Smith (well, not really the mayor).

These purveyors of amusement provide an atmosphere of sheer unadulterated fun, making the festival an event to be enjoyed by the whole family.

This year's show features a pair of real-life spiderpeople that hover over Jasper Avenue with the help of harnesses and drop notes on unsuspecting pedestrians, a set of the most talented pole-sitters you will ever see, and the sweet sounds of a dulcimer.

For those unfamiliar with the event's format, performers put on shows at scheduled times throughout the week.

The audience participates by



Mike Wharmby / THE GATEWAY

Uncle Sam wants you—to come to Churchill Square for the Street Performers Festival.

helping with the show, applauding, cheering, and most importantly, making a donation at the end of the performance.

Throughout the entire nine days of the festival, there are nearly 1,000 outdoor acts. Some of the shows are even performed indoors in the Citadel's Maclab Theatre.

Rain or shine, these brave individuals will put on a show guaranteed to put a smile on your face.

Regardless of the location of merchants of mayhem, the festival-goers will find spectacle and fun. Edmonton's Street Performers Festival is the ultimate cure for the summertime blues.



Photo courtesy canoe.ca

GIG REVIEW

Radiohead  
Thunderbird Stadium,  
Vancouver  
25 June

Steve Osadetz  
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

So there I was at the Radiohead show in Vancouver, pressed up against the security fence in front of the stage, dripping with sweaty anticipation. After dropping \$762 for the cross-country airfare to get to the concert and trading a general admission ticket and \$40 for a coveted "Head Zone" ticket that got me close enough to almost touch singer, Thom Yorke.

As a rabid fan I was nearly able to rationalize spending all the cash on the concert. But as excited as I was, I felt a little pained by guilt.

You see, it's faux pas to be a Radiohead fan; while you can like them, there's a tacit rule saying you're not supposed to show it. Motivated by leftist and anti-corporate politics, the band has only distain for sheeplike behaviour in their fans, which was just how I was acting.

Despite Radiohead's mythic seriousness, they weren't just thought provoking and intelligent, but took themselves lightly enough to put on an enjoyable concert. From the opening growl of "The National Anthem" to the final slow fade at the end of "Karma Police," the band entertained.

Yorke pranced elflike beside the towering guitarist Ed O'Brien,

dancing with electricity, not blood, in his veins. The band had a genuine rapport with the crowd: while the rest of his cronies skittered around, setting up between songs, Yorke looked down on the audience and posed for pictures.

The studio versions of tracks from *Kid A* and *Amnesiac* are obscurely avant-garde, hardly the musical fare that you would expect to hear at a rock concert. Realizing this, Radiohead turned them into more conventional rock songs, letting Colin Greenwood and Phil Selway go wild in the rhythm section.

In "Packt Like Sardines In A Crushd Tin Box," for example, they replaced a minimalist steel drum that was used in the album, with a heavy bass-line. With three spontaneous set list changes and two B-side additions ("Permanent Daylight" and "Big Ideas"), I found it impossible to stop myself from some guilty, self-conscious dancing.

In the middle of the first encore, Yorke looked down from his stage decorated with tin foil and duct tape. He introduced the next song, "Street Spirit," by simultaneously punning off of the opening line ("Rows of houses are bearing down on me.") and criticizing his audience: "This song is about the people who live beneath the ground, as in they are the opposite of you." The song is about people crushed by suburban mediocrity.

Getting the joke and the criticism, the crowd, myself included, quieted down and assumed an appropriately contrived look of deep introspection.

## Metal fans bang heads for cancer

GIG PREVIEW

CBCF Fundraiser

Featuring Mammoth, Lure,  
Curbstomp, and Impaired  
The Rev

13 July, 8:00pm  
Tickets \$8 at the door

Geoff Moysa

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

It's Friday the 13th and you're going to an old club downtown to see a whole bunch of metal bands play. Oh, and it's a fundraiser for breast cancer. If something about this seems unusual to you, you're probably not alone.

Edmonton's heavy metal scene and the Canadian Breast Cancer Foundation, a cause that might evoke images of Lillith Fair, don't seem to have any likely crossover.

Concert organizer Jenifer Bunch, however, insists this isn't the case. Putting together the show as the first annual fundraising concert for the foundation's Alberta chapter, she explains how the two concepts

share a closer relation than you might think.

"Breast cancer affects every type of person," says the Grant MacEwan graduate. "High income, low income, black, white, whatever. Everyone can be touched by it. This is a market the foundation has never targeted before, and I know these bands have brought in a lot of people in the past, so we thought we'd just put on a really good show."

The reasons go deeper than just expanding into different markets, however. For Bunch and the bands playing, it's a bit of a family affair. "My boyfriend's mom, Cheryl Banks, had her breasts removed from cancer and is now in remission," she relates. "I got to see first hand the devastation of the disease."

As it turns out, Bank's other son Rob is the drummer for Edmonton metal band Mammoth, and so the union of metal and breast cancer fundraising came together naturally. "I know that probably every person within those bands has been touched by the disease in

some way or another."

The bands themselves are definitely supporters of the cause, she explains. "They're all incredibly ecstatic to be playing this," says Bunch appreciatively. "None of them are getting paid, they are just doing it for their belief in the cause."

The foundation is also getting some much-needed help from other sources in the community. Explains Bunch, "The Rev was kind enough to give us their space for free for the night, so all the money at the door goes to the foundation."

In addition to the Rev's help, the show is getting a boost from an exhaustive list of local sponsors, including Blackdog, Mars & Venus, Big Rock Brewery, Foosh, and Ritualistics. "Big Rock is the best," laughs Jenifer. "They're donating kegs of beer for all the bands."

In the end, Bunch hopes that the show will raise some money and awareness for a good cause. "There are so many people being touched by the disease. It's time to let people know how disastrous it can be if we don't find a cure."

FRIDAY JULY 13, 2001

CANADIAN BREAST CANCER  
FOUNDATION - ALBERTA CHAPTER

First Annual Benefit Concert

@ THE REV 10030 - 102 Street

Doors @ 8:00 PM, \$8.00 Cover

SPECIAL GUESTS

MEMMOTH

LURE

Curbstomp

IMPAIRED



## Fight Club author chokes on fourth novel

### BOOK REVIEW

#### Choke

Chuck Palahniuk  
Published by Doubleday

Kelly Zenkewich  
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

Maybe you've not heard of him, but you've heard of his work. Chuck Palahniuk, the author of *Fight Club* (that little movie starring Brad Pitt and Ed Norton that also happened to create a rabid fan base for Palahniuk), has penned his fourth novel, *Choke*.

On the surface, this book seems to be just about Victor Mancini, a recovering sex addict and med school dropout who may or may not be the son of someone really important. Victor, the naughty little boy, also likes to stage chokings in restaurants for supplemental income, because his job as a servant at an American Colonial Times

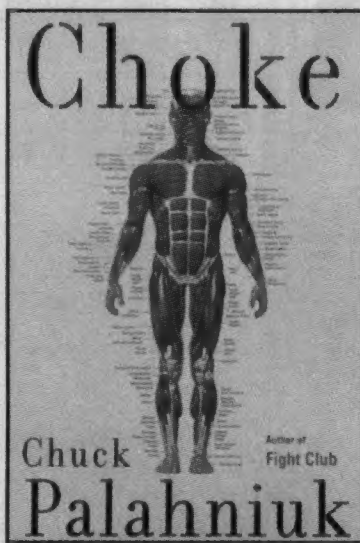
doesn't quite cut it.

But don't worry, I didn't give anything away. Palahniuk's story telling is always a rich journey, full of tense paragraphs and detailed plots. Turn the page too soon, and you've missed something. And yet, that can also be a problem for the inattentive reader.

Palahniuk's latest work is more similar to *Fight Club* than his two other novels, but that's not really a good thing as some elements are a little too similar to *Fight Club*. Corporate terrorism, meet cosmetic terrorism. It's as if Palahniuk took the sexual elements of "Fight Club" and blew them up into a book.

I am Jack's raging sex drive (to play upon the *Fight Club* monologue).

In the end *Choke* drowns under a male-heavy cast with significant lack of female characters apart from Victor's insane mother. It is not half as intelligent as *Fight Club*. It is, however, full of sex, scams and



ultimately, one hopes, salvation.

If you are in need of validation at your summer job, pick up *Choke*. At least Victor will make you feel like you are getting something done in your day. However, what it really comes down to is that Palahniuk has written better books. Go seek those out instead.

## Film shows new uses for parsley

### FILM REVIEW

#### Parsley Days

Garneau Theatre  
Directed by Andrea Dorfman  
Starring Megan Dunlop and Michael Leblanc  
Starts Friday

Sarah Chan

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

Typically, parsley is that neglected herb that sits idly at the side of a main course.

It's green leaflets only manage to feebly project the promise of nutrition while emanating a cheap aesthetic value despite its obvious inferiority with all the other food on the plate.

However, when Kate (Megan

Dunlop) attempts to perform a holistic abortion, this minority herb takes the spotlight as prime candidate for the job.

In *Parsley Days*, a short yet thoughtful movie, the herb manages to stake a presence while letting the little story emerge.

This is a tale involving a seemingly perfect couple and their circle of friends, though it mostly concentrates on the narrator, Kate.

After discovering her pregnancy, she struggles with the usual choices and associated emotions.

Dunlop gives Kate an unusual realistic flair that completely deters the movie from a typical let's-talk-about-unplanned-pregnancy-with-Sue-Johanson feel.

Somewhat whimsical and very self-reflective, Kate's mental debates over the future of her

relationship with Ollie (Michael Leblanc) take us through very real feelings, memories and circumstances.

Her peers are reminiscent to friends we all have, and the film, despite these staples, still manages a light and seemingly non-deliberate whimsy. After all, very few of us have boyfriends titled "The King of Contraception" let alone boyfriends that are still completely devoted after five years.

The plot is well paced, and the undertone of feminism is kept to a comfortable minimum.

Kate's deliberations are laced with just the right amount of suspense and honesty, giving *Parsley Days* all makings for a sweet little film.

You'll never think of parsley the same way again.

## CULTURA OBSCURA



### Dried Caterpillars

Adam Houston  
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

What KD saturated student doesn't eagerly await the next care

package from the loving parents? And whose eyes don't moisten with joy to receive a hearty bag of Denmash Quality Product, which, despite the lack of nutritional labeling, is clearly filled with dried caterpillar goodness?

So assumed my parents, who no doubt assumed such goodies would give me a welcome taste of the current Zimbabwe experience, if only because slowly collapsing infrastructure and increasing government corruption are hard to fit in an 8X10 envelope.

And what better way to celebrate civil discontent than creating a metaphorical culinary butterfly from humble, yet more literal caterpillary ingredients? Mmm-mmm. Just like mom used to make

## SITE UNSEEN



<http://tv.cream.org>

G Lucas Bakay  
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

Remember the seventies? No? How 'bout the eighties? Still fuzzy?

Well, if you're anything like me (read: normal) then you need to check out TV Cream, where the theme songs that raised us reside.

Oh, sure there's the standards: *Knight Rider*, *A-Team* ("In 1972, a crack commando unit was sent to prison for a crime they didn't commit..."), but what about those bad sci-fi shows that even the Space Channel won't run? Sure enough, TV Cream has those too (ahh, *Space 1999*).

And for good measure, don't forget (without hyperbole) the greatest show ever made: *Scooby Doo, Where Are You?*

When you're not absorbing television directly, you should at least be absorbing stuff about television. Amen to TV Cream.

## DO YOU LIKE FREE CDs?

How about making pretty pictures in people's heads with words? Yes? Sounds like you want to come to the Arts & Entertainment meeting down here in the Gateway office in the basement of the Student's Union Building on Thursday, 19 July, 2001. That's 0-10 Lower Level SUB. Be there.

Bring your red pens and your rock 'n roll dreams.

## CLASSIFIEDS

To place a classified ad, call  
Information Registries at 492-4212

### Wanted

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### Three Lines For A Toonie (\$1 of which goes to the Food Bank)

Bells you smells. sach  
My secret love. I would "DIE IN A QUEUE" for you. -C.R.  
Sweet fuck! Holy shit! That's a newspaper! Glorious mother of mercy! -skip



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Student Counselling Services offers the SII this summer to University students and non-students. This inventory is one of the most widely used measures of career interest available. The inventory can help you understand your interests and illustrate the kinds of work in which you might be comfortable.

During the summer, we offer the SII for \$50.00 (cash only) and includes an interpretation of your results with a counsellor.

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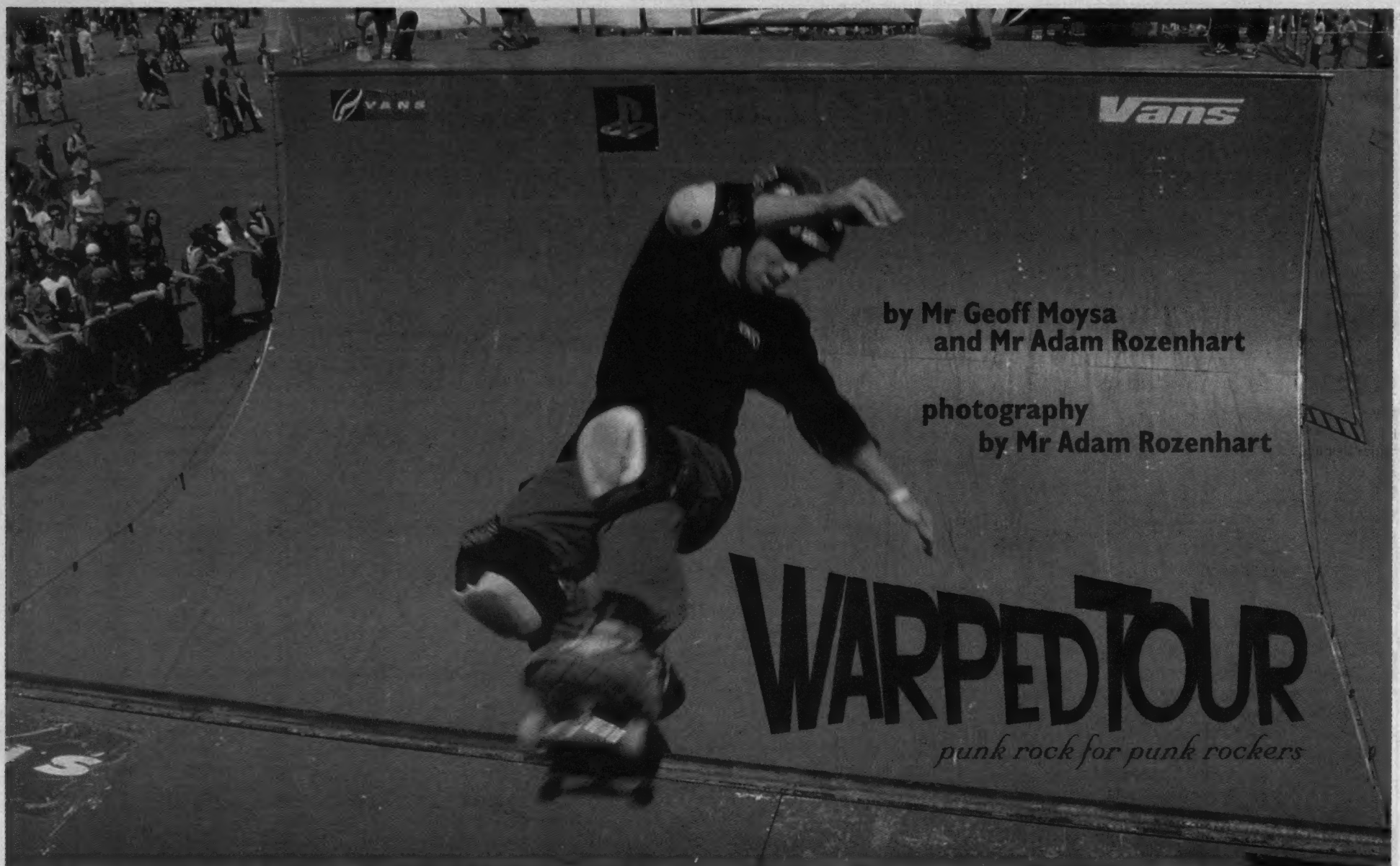
Space Cat by Fish Griwowsky



Reverse Gank by McMark McIntyre







by Mr Geoff Moysa  
and Mr Adam Rozenhart

photography  
by Mr Adam Rozenhart

# WARPED TOUR

*punk rock for punk rockers*

**It's 8:30** on a Thursday morning and we're somewhere outside of Ponoka. The prairie landscape stretches endlessly like a huge quilt, and as our car cruises along the highway, we begin to wonder why in the hell we're out here at this ungodly hour. The answer comes back to us as a car full of teenagers sporting dyed hair and piercings speeds past: Warped Tour 2001.

Now the most visible institution of the modern punk rock scene, the Vans Warped Tour started in the mid-nineties as the travelling underground answer to the bloated music festival culture present today. Those not into following Phish with the legions of bearded hippies or shelling out top dollar for corporate Lollapalooza shows and Woodstock revivals finally had an event of their own, complete with a who's-who lineup of underground bands and pro skateboarding and moto-cross demonstrations.

Although now under the ownership of Launch Media Inc and run with a professional business-like attitude, the Warped Tour is still an annual pilgrimage for many. 2001 marks the second consecutive year that the tour has stopped in Calgary, and our intrepid four-man team is on its way for a hopefully debauched weekend of punk rock in the middle of oil country.

After a brief stopover in Red Deer where we quickly downed some A&W breakfast—a decidedly errant act considering the fact that the only facilities available at the venue would be leaky Porta-Potties—we were ready to kick it down to Calgary.

In Calgary an hour later, throngs of cars loaded with bleached heads, eyebrow piercings and studded belts made their way to the Race City Speedway. Surrounded by nothing but farmers' fields and some industrial buildings, the rowdy congregation within was a bizarre anomaly in comparison. After a brief wait in line we were within the isolated compound where we would spend the next nine hours.



Once through the crowds, we could see that the skaters had already hit the half-pipe. The park was a bustle of activity; people were buying food and watching the athletes as they waited for the first bands to hit the stage. There was much to see. With skate ramps, moto-cross jumps, a freakshow wrestling ring, merchandise booths, and numerous small stages, our eyes and ears were occupied at every turn. First order of business was to apply copious amounts of sunscreen and then

find a schedule.

With our affairs in order and a couple dozen mini-donuts in hand, we headed to one of the two main stages to check out the bands. Working on a two-stage system in the main area, one band would play for half an hour while the next band would prepare to play on the opposite stage as soon as the adjacent set was complete. The approach worked admirably well and, unlike many punk shows, things stayed on schedule.

Some attendees were content remaining in the beer gardens for much of the show while others cooled themselves off in the growing mud puddle by the water station. The afternoon began with bands like the Distillers, Fenix TX and H2O getting the crowd moving in front of the main stages.

Midway through AFI's unrelentingly intense set of dark, goth-inspired punk, vocalist Davey Havok took a flying shoe directly in the face. After staggering back in shock, the vampire-looking singer gave the offending footwear thrower a big middle finger and continued on with the set. In an industry where inflated rock stars will leave the stage for far less, it was a refreshing sight.

With so many bands on the roster, events inevitably became a blur as the organizers had to cram everything into the nine-hour schedule. Punk-rock veterans like the Bouncing Souls, Rancid and the Vandals would keep the kids moshing almost non-stop, blasting through dozens of crowd-pleasing favourites. Notable were funk-styled rap-rockers 311, who provided a nice change of pace, putting on a tight, grooving show.

Perhaps one of the most well performed and energetic sets was that of Me First & the Gimme Gimmes. Among those touring with MF&GG were Joey Cape from Lagwagon and Fat Mike from NOFX. MF&GG rocked all in attendance with renditions of "Me And Julio Down By The Schoolyard" and even the *Sound of Music* classic "My Favourite Things." A martini bar flanked by Tiki torches helped the band get through their set, as though the crowd's energy wasn't enough.

With nary a moment to catch its collective breath, the crowd was treated to a downright electrifying set from Less Than Jake. While the band wasn't up to their usual antics—neither a clown nor a fire-breather was present on stage—they kept the crowd dancing with their catchy horn-filled ska-punk.

As to be expected with a festival of such scale, however, not everything went smoothly. Bottled water supplies ran out very quickly in the sweltering heat, and the lack of seating and

shade took its toll after nine hours. A windstorm picked up as Rancid came on, viciously blowing sand and dirt for the next 30 minutes.

Another downside that had more to do with human nature than Mother Nature was some of the weak performances. Good Charlotte spewed out a set of vacuous mall-punk that offended our mildly elitist taste, and the double shot of Esham's painfully long satanic rap set



and spaced-out rapper Kool Keith's lackluster performance wore on the crowd's patience.

The most anticipated act of the day, Warped Tour staple act Pennywise, also bordered on disappointing. Vocalist Jim Lindbergh was delayed in transit and finally arrived on stage late and drunk. He handed off vocal duties to anyone who wanted to take them, including other bands, and most prominently, the guy working at the Pennywise merchandise table. Those few songs actually performed by all of Pennywise were tight and energetic skate-punk anthems, but the set was anything but coherent.

**Just after 9:00pm, as the dust was beginning to settle, hordes of dirty, sweaty, and happy kids poured out into the parking lot to head back to civilization, leaving much garbage and mud behind them.**

The road crews were soon the only ones left to undertake the massive tear down of the giant stages and towering speaker stacks.

Soon the hundreds of performers and crew would move on to yet another city to whip yet another crowd of fans into a frenzy. It's just another day in the life of the punk-rock circus known as the Warped Tour.

